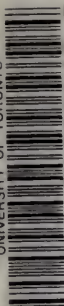


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THE
SORROWS OF ROSALIE;
AND
OTHER POEMS.

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1883

THE
SORROWS OF ROSALIE.

A TALE.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

by -
[Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton]

Gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die;
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own;
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.

The Giaour.

LONDON :

JOHN EBERS AND CO.

1829.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BREITELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

TO LORD HOLLAND.

*TAUGHT in the dawning of life's joyous years
To love, admire, and reverence thy name,
Though of youth's feelings few remain the same;
And the dim vista of its hopes and fears
Memory hath blotted out, with silent tears:—
Still in its brightness, even as then it came,
Linked with the half-remembered tales of fame :
That word before my darkened soul appears,
Bringing back lips that speak and smile no more.
Spurn not my offering, then, from that bright shrine
Where hope would place it ; but for those of yore
Permit her name, who trembles o'er each line,
In its oblivion to be shadowed o'er
By the bright happy gloriousness of—Thine !*

I.

On, ye for whom this tale of woe is told,
Who tempest-tost on passion's stormy deep,
Too weak for virtue, yet in vice not bold,
Irresolutely turn away and weep :
Deep in your torn and wavering bosoms keep
One love, beyond all others ;—'tis a love
Shall never cost you tears, or bid you sleep
Less calmly on your couch, lest it should prove
A vain and faithless dream by wandering fancy wove.

II.

It is the love of God! Your idols tread
 Where death hath raised his ever-pointed dart :
 "Thou shalt not worship them." So HE hath said
 Whose word is law. The numbered hours depart,
 And the frail idol of each trembling heart
 Is snatched in mercy from you, that when riven
 Are all the gentle ties whose magic art
 Made earth appear your home, the soul forgiven
 May gladly wing its free unfettered flight to heaven.

III.

And ye who make the joyful heart to grieve,
 Ye tempters of the weak and sinful! learn
 To think upon the future: oh, believe
 Days come, when in your hearts, now cold and stern,
 The worm that dieth not, *Remorse*, shall burn,
 And ye shall mourn the ruin ye have made—
 Shed the vain tear o'er the unconscious urn,
 Where, early blighted, 'neath Guilt's venom'd shade,
 Lie young confiding hearts, by cruelty betrayed.

IV.

The small still voice shall whisper you, and haunt
 Your brightest noon-day hour, your stillest night;
 And with its deep mysterious power shall daunt
 Each coward heart amid the halls of light,
 Making the day seem hateful to your sight.
 Yes, ye shall writhe beneath th' avenging rod!
 Oh, vainly would ye chase your soul's affright,
 Or seek to hide beneath the mountain sod,
 From the unerring eye of an offended God!

V.

Deem not the tale o'erwrought; ye little think
 How many, whom ye knew when young and gay,
 The bitter waters of affliction drink,
 And vainly weep their wretched lives away.
 Pause o'er the cloud-hid future—shun the ray
 Which, meteor-like, misleads, and dies again—
 The mournful darkness of each summer's day—
 The listless sadness of a heart in pain:—
 Tempters and tempted pause, e'er yet that pause be vain!

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THE
SORROWS OF ROSALIE.
A TALE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1911

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THE
SORROWS OF ROSALIE.

A TALE.

PART I.

I.

YE marble-hearted ones, whose sighs and tears
Are granted only to a gilded woe—
Whose sick and misdirected pity fears
To look on all that penury can show,
When guilt and want have made a hell below ;
In whom the unreal mockeries of the stage
Alone can wake a momentary glow ;
Whom griefs impossible, and mimic rage,
Far more than sorrow's truth, and wan disease, engage.

II.

To such I would not speak—but oh! to *you*
Whose generous hearts can feel another's grief;
Who all you *can*, are willing still to do,
Though loathsome be the wretch who asks relief.
To those who turn—where sorrow claims us chief—
To the lone hut where cheerless misery
Clings wistfully to life, though sad and brief,
And hopes, however vain those hopes may be—
To those alone I call, for *they* can feel for me.

III.

Yet little reck I *now* for pity's throb :
Can it recal the years that are no more ?
Can it repress the deep convulsive sob
That, choking, comes from my heart's inmost core ?
Can it bid those return whose day is o'er ?
Can it remove the sad sepulchral stone,
Or raise again my ruined cottage door ?
Those whom your pity might have saved, are gone,
And now it is not prized, for I am left alone.

IV.

No friend shall watch my lingering soul depart—
Unwept, unhonoured, *I* must pass away ;
Then pity forced from each reluctant heart
Shall pour upon my tomb its useless ray,
Condemn my faults, yet mourn my clouded day ;
Then, when a late compassion smiles in vain,
A hand divine shall bid my sorrows stay ;
And I shall see the forms I love again,
And rest my weary head where all are free from pain.

V.

Oh, woman! in this hour of agony
Trample not rudely on the fallen one ;
I have been weak, been guilty, but I die
Spurned at, forgotten, friendless, and alone :
All that I had, save hope of heaven, is gone ;
From *that* safe port no wand'rer shall be driven ;
God, before whom I bow, will hear my moan ;
For there's no sin too great to be forgiven
By him who pities all—the Omnipotent of heaven.

VI.

Home of my childhood! quiet, peaceful home!
Where innocence sat smiling on my brow,
Why did I leave thee, willingly to roam,
Lured by a traitor's vainly-trusted vow?
Could they, the fond and happy, see me *now*,
Who knew me when life's early summer smiled,
They would not know 'twas I, or marvel how
The laughing thing, half woman and half child,
Could e'er be changed to form so squalid, wan, and
wild.

VII.

I *was* most happy—witness it, ye skies;
That watched the slumbers of my peaceful night!
Till each succeeding morning saw me rise
With cheerful song, and heart for ever light;
No heavy gems—no jewel, sparkling bright,
Cumbered the tresses nature's self had twined;
Nor festive torches glared before my sight;
Unknowing and unknown, with peaceful mind,
Blest in the lot I knew, none else I wished to find.

VIII.

I *had* a father—a gray-haired old man,
Whom Fortune's sad reverses keenly tried ;
And now his dwindling life's remaining span,
Locked up in me the little left of pride,
And knew no hope, no joy, no care beside.
My father!—dare I say I loved him well ?
I, who could leave him to a hireling guide ?
Yet all my thoughts were *his*, and bitterer fell
The pang of leaving *him*, than all I have to tell.

IX.

Each morn, before the dew was brushed away,
When the wide world was hushed in deep repose,—
When only flowerets hailed the early day,
I gathered many a diamond-spangled rose,
And many a simple bud that wildly blows ;
Then, quick returning to my father's bed,
Before his heavy eyelids could uncloze,
I shook away the tears that Nature shed,
And placed them with a kiss beside his slumbering head.

X.

My father!—still I see thy silvery hairs
Uplifted gently by the evening breeze,
That placid brow, furrowed with many cares,
The Bible resting on thy aged knees,
Thine eyes that watched the sunset through the trees,
The while I read aloud that holy book,
Or brought wild flowers with childish zeal to please,
Culled by the mossy bank or running brook,
And guess'd thine every wish and feeling from a look.

XI.

And oh! my childhood's home was lovelier far
Than all the stranger homes where I have been;
It seem'd as if each pale and twinkling star
Loved to shine out upon so fair a scene;
Never were flowers so sweet, or fields so green,
As those that wont that lonely cot to grace.
If, as tradition tells, this earth has seen
Creatures of heavenly form and angel race,
They might have chosen that spot to be their dwelling
place.

XII.

In evil hour (for me unfortunate)
Did the deceiver come ; I will not say
That he was all on earth most good and great,
Or fairer than the other sons of clay ;
But he was all to *me*—a single day
Spent without *him* was as a year of pain ;
And, when he went, I wept whole hours away,
Musing upon that love so light and vain,
Or trembling lest I ne'er should see his face again.

XIII.

Oh, Arthur ! if thine eye should view these lines,
Bid not the tear of vain compassion flow ;
On thee the sun of pleasure brightly shines,
For thee the ruby wines still sparkling glow,
Though I am pining here in want and woe.
When at thy festive board peals loud and long
The jocund laugh, or music stealing slow,
Think not on *her*, who once with simple song,
And smiles, repaid thee well for luring her to wrong.

XIV.

Oh! still enjoy the cup, the song, the dance,
While yet that life of thoughtlessness may be;
And should some happier beauty's fav'ring glance
Force thee, despite thyself, to think on *me*,
Cold and ungrateful, know that even she
Whom thou hadst injured and then left to die,
In death forgave thee—loved thee—pitied thee:
For, heartless as thou art, the time is nigh
When thou shalt mourn my woes, and echo every sigh!

XV.

Oh! still the charm clings round my broken heart
With which his early love its cords had bound;
In vain I bid his imaged form depart,
For when I pray, with sad and fault'ring sound,
His name is on my lips,—and, hov'ring round,
He, the young Arthur of my happy days,
Stands on some green and flow'ry spot of ground,
With sunny smile and bright enraptured gaze,
Greeting me kindly still with visionary praise.

XVI.

Oh, Arthur! by each fond endearing name—
By every melody in youth I sung—
By my lost hopes—by my departed fame,
By the sad ling'ring dream to which I clung,
By every bitter tear from anguish rung,
By all my love—by all my untold grief,
Let not *another* weep that *she* has hung
Upon thy words, and die without relief;
For sorrow makes too long a life, however brief.

XVII.

He came—admired the pure and peaceful scene,
And offer'd money for our humble cot.
Oh! justly burned my father's cheek, I ween,
“His sires by honest toil the dwelling got;
Their home was not for sale.” It matters not
How, after that, Lord Arthur won my love.
He smiled contemptuous on my humble lot,
Yet left no means untried my heart to move,
And call'd to witness *his* the glorious heavens above.

XVIII.

Oh ! dimmed are now the eyes he used to praise,
Sad is the laughing brow where hope was beaming,
The cheek that blushed at his impassioned gaze
Wan as the waters where the moon is gleaming ;
For many a tear of sorrow hath been streaming
Down the changed face, which knew no care before ;
And my sad heart, awakened from its dreaming,
Recals those days of joy, untimely o'er,
And mourns remembered bliss, which can return no
more.

XIX.

Lord Arthur came, when ev'ning beams had set,
That then my aged father might not know
How often and how tenderly we met.
My heart was doubly weigh'd by guilt and woe,
And sometimes, or perchance I fancied so,
Methought he gazed on me reproachfully.
Oh ! more than once I thought I would not go ;
For piteous and remorseful 'twas to see
How bright the old man's smile whenc'er he look'd
on me.

XX.

But yet I went—my weak and wicked heart
Could not resolve to bid a last adieu ;
I could not say I would with Arthur part ;
I felt I could not live but in his view,
And deem'd *his* love as fervent and as true.
I went—to shield the future from my sight,
A veil around my reason close I drew ;
O'er my dark path there hung no friendly light,
But yet I knew each step led farther from the right.

XXI.

It was upon a gentle summer's eve,
When Nature lay all silently at rest—
When none but I could find a cause to grieve,
I sought in vain to soothe my troubled breast,
And wander'd forth alone, for well I guess'd
That Arthur would be lingering in the bower
Which oft with summer garlands I had dress'd ;
Where blamelessly I spent full many an hour
E'er yet I felt or love's or sin's remorseless power.

XXII.

No joyful step to welcome me was there ;
For slumber had her transient blessing sent
To him I loved—the still and balmy air,
The blue and quiet sky, repose had lent,
Deep as their own—above that form I bent,
The rich and clustering curls I gently raised,
And, trembling, kissed his brow—I turned and went—
Softly I stole away, nor, lingering, gazed ;
Fearful and wondering still, at my own deed amazed.

XXIII.

My step had roused him, for he lightly sprung
From the green couch that Nature's hand had made.
Aside the drooping woodbine wreaths he flung :—
“ And art thou, then, of Arthur, love, afraid ?
Am I less dear to thee in slumber laid ?
Or dost thou think I should have watched for thee,
Unwearied, till thy footsteps in the shade
Echoed the sound my heart keeps faithfully,
Sleeping or waking, still my dream of hope to be ?”

XXIV.

That night, to me a night of misery,
In silence thought upon, in silence wept,—
I gazed, through tears, on the unconscious sky,
While peacefully my poor old father slept.—
That night I vowed (and well my vow I kept)
That Arthur should be more than all to me.
High swelled my heart, and in my bosom leap'd
As I looked round, and thought no more to see
My village, home, or sire—but Arthur's bride to be.

XXV.

'Twas not ambition—no—for though he said
That I should mistress be of hill and dell,
And many a glorious jewel deck my head :
No, 'twas not these,—it was enough to dwell
Poor, unadorned, so he had loved me well,
E'en where I was, or in some humbler spot,
Remote and far, where I might truly tell
How well I loved (because 'twas *his*) my cot,
And how I would not change with queens my happy
lot.

XXVI.

The morning broke, and I was left alone,
Bewildered, sorrowful, as in a dream ;
The small birds sang—the heavens serenely shone,
But oh ! to me did nothing joyful seem,
And tears unknown—most bitter tears, would stream
For love's rash vow irrevocably made ;
And when my father spoke—sincere, I deem,
Was the sad wish my heart's faint whisper said,
On a far colder couch to lay my unconscious head.

XXVII.

The evening came—would it had never come !
And I prepared to go, with many a tear ;
A sad, yet willing exile from my home,
Forsaking all I held on earth most dear.
My father called me, for he loved to hear
The Bible read by his loved child alone :—
I tried to read ; but, oh ! I could not bear
The fond dim look—the gentle, trembling tone ;
I scarcely heard his words, and sorrow choked my own.

XXVIII.

Murmuring I still read on—my words unheeded,
With fear, and doubt, and sorrow almost wild ;
From him I could not ask the help I needed,
Till breaking on my trance, in accents mild
And fatherly, he said, “ What ails my child ?
What sorrow, Rosalie, is in thy breast ?
Perchance thy favourite lamb has been beguiled
To quit its home—perchance some ringdove’s nest
A truant boy hath torn from out its place of rest.

XXIX.

“ Nay, sob not thus, my Rosalie ; whate’er
Thy griefs, thou surely, love, canst tell them *me*.”
I could not answer—choking with despair,
I hid my throbbing brow upon his knee ;
Then looked up to his face in agony.
I had confessed, had one word more been said.
But whispering, “ this is childish,” smilingly,
He laid his trembling hand upon my head,
“ Heaven bless thee now, my child ! sweet sleep await
thy bed !”

XXX.

He went ; and when I thought upon the morning,
When he would wake to solitary woe,
And when I gazed upon the flowers adorning
The spot I once deemed happiest below—
When I beheld the Bible cherished so,
For sake of those who now were fallen asleep,
I thought within my heart I *could* not go ;
And with repentance, silent, sad, and deep,
I sat me down alone in bitterness to weep.

XXXI.

My face was buried in my hands : a voice
Awoke me from my cheerless dream of grief ;
Those tones were wont to make my heart rejoice,
But now—I turned—salt tears had brought relief,
I spoke in hurried accents, faint and brief :—
“ Oh, not to-morrow ! then I cannot go.”
He heard, as though he gave my words belief,
And, turning from me, said, in tones of woe,
“ Farewell to thee and life, if thou canst wound me so ! ”

XXXII.

“ Oh, Arthur ! stay ”—he turned, and all was o’er—
My sorrow, my repentance—all was vain—
I dreamt the dream of life and love once more,
To wake to sad reality of pain.
He spoke, but to my ear no sound was plain,
Until the little wicket-gate we passed—
That sound of home I never heard again,
And then “ drive on—drive faster—yet more fast.”
I raised my weeping head—Oh ! I had looked my last.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART II.

I.

It was in spring—that time of extacy,
When but to breathe the fresh and gladsome air,
To gaze upon the blue and sunny sky,
The bright green fields, the trees, the meadows fair,
And cull the wanton wild flowers springing there,
To happy youth is worth full many a joy,
Which the cold world vainly deems worthy care.
Then—then to *live*, is hope without alloy,
The sense of being, bliss—which nought on earth can
 cloy.

II.

And I had deemed there was no bliss beyond
That feeling, till we wandered side by side—
Till shone on me those eyes so brightly fond,
Now my sole sunbeam in the world so wide ;
Till we *together* watched the waters glide,
In silvery ripples, by the silent shore ;
Till I had tried—alas ! how vainly tried
To think on aught as I had thought before.
To cease to think of *him*, must be to think no more.

III.

And he had bought for me a little cot,
Where creeping jasmine and light woodbine twined ;
Oh ! beautiful and bright that fairy spot !
Yet all its loveliness but brought to mind
The one, more beautiful, I left behind ;
But still I loved it, for beneath each tree
Arthur's dear form upon those banks reclined.
Whatever faults a stranger's eye might see,
That tiny spot of earth was Paradise to me.

IV.

Day after day, and hour succeeding hour,
For me Time's flight outstripp'd the flagging wind ;
And never Love had fetter'd with his power
A heart more fondly true, more wholly blind,
To all that might to others seem unkind,
Than mine ;—although his absence seemed an age,
Fondly I made excuses in my mind.
Think me not tedious—scorn me not, ye sage,
But weep that all my bliss is centred in a page !

V.

Oh thou, though faithless, still too dearly loved,
When I remember that short year of bliss—
That sunny dream of love, as yet unmoved—
The transient tear chased by thy tender kiss,
I marvel how I *can* be sunk to *this*.
I see thee still in dreams, and deem, in sooth,
I hear thy voice, and watch no word to miss ;
I see those eyes all tenderness and truth—
Alas ! I wake in vain to mourn my blighted youth.

VI.

It was not like the happiness I knew,
When in my first sweet home of peaceful rest—
'Twas joy, or agony—each feeling grew
Wild, stormy, and tumultuous in my breast,
Though every wish was granted soon as guessed;
Though I had all for which the happiest sigh,
There was one thought—deep, silent, unexpressed,
Which called the unbidden tear-drop to mine eye,—
A thought of *him I left*—a thought of days gone by!

VII.

Oft would the bitter tear unconscious roll;
And Arthur watched, and sought to chase away
All that could shade the sunlight of my soul—
Soothed, praised, caressed, and bade my grief not stay,
Cheerily speaking of some distant day
When I should turn me to my childhood's home
As Arthur's bride—the gayest 'mid the gay,
And bid my fond and aged father come
To princely halls and bowers, no more from me to
roam.

VIII.

Yet when, with timid, trembling voice, I prayed
That holy ties our hearts might soon unite,
He turned, half playful, half displeased, and said—
“ The links of love will best true love requite ;
Cold are those worldly ties, and no delight
Can those unhappy find who love perforce,
Who drag the unwilling chain because 'tis *right*,
Struggling for duty, shrinking from remorse,
Sighing for earlier times when free their joyous course.

IX.

“ Oh no, my love!—my life—unchanged, unchanging,
Still let the flow'ry chain so lightly bind,
That hearts may fancy they are free for ranging,
And wander out the charmed links to find ;
Yet still return to one most true, most kind,
Half loth to stay, yet powerless to rove,
To all but pleasure and each other blind.
Oh 'tis a glorious life, a life of love!
So may we live on earth as angels live above.

X.

“Content thee, then, my love! for none shall be
So dear to me as thou! and look not grieved,
For I have given my life, my soul to thee,
My future bride!”—He spoke, and I believed;
Oh! who had listened and not been deceived!
Alas! I knew not all the bitter woe,
The scorn that waits on her of fame bereaved;
I had but menials round me proud to show
Respect for Arthur’s sake, though *I* was sunk so low.

XI.

Once, *only* once, the ’witching power to charm
Fled from those lips whose accents were so dear.
It was a summer evening, soft and warm;
I gazed upon the heaven, blue and clear,
From out my little latticed window; near
Was Arthur standing—and the woodbine, climbing,
Shed a wild fragrance round—when on my ear
Fell a sweet sound of distant church-bells chiming,
And onward came young forms, their steps to music
timing.

XII.

Alas ! that day—I oped the casement wide,
And watched that gay group with a smiling face—
It was a village wedding ; and the bride,
Rosy and rich in all youth's blooming grace,
Came lightly on, past this my fairy place ;
Nearer and nearer still I saw them glide—
She turned, half startled, as she heard me rise,
When some grave matron, walking by her side,
Whispered her—slowly she withdrew her eyes,
With a sad farewell glance of pity and surprise !

XIII.

Silent she passed, last of the white-robed train—
Oh ! there was something in her pitying look,
Mingled with dread, that thrilled my heart with pain.
My proud and sinful spirit could not brook
To see those gay ones, as their way they took,
With half-suppressed contempt in every eye :
Tear after tear in vain away I shook,
As all, with downcast glance, went slowly by,
As if they *felt*, not *saw*, some evil thing was nigh.

XIV.

Burst the convulsive sob from out my breast!
On Arthur's arm I leant my throbbing brow.
"And did I then forsake my home of rest
To be so scorned; so shunned, so hated now?
Oh! take me back where my own flowers still blow,
Where the beloved ones I left are dwelling;
Let me but see them *once* before I go
To that far land where none my sins are telling.
For strong against my breast this breaking heart is
swelling!"

XV.

"Nay, calm thee, love!"—in vain the words were
spoken;
Sob after sob rose thick and chokingly—
My dream was past—Hope's fairy glass was broken,
Dreary and dark my prospects seem'd to be;
The path of life, where once I thought to see
Bright skies above, and flowers of joy beneath,
Faded before me in my agony.
'Twas all a wilderness, a desolate heath—
"Oh! Arthur, wed me *now*, or this will be my death."

XVI.

He dashed away the tear that would encroach,
And firmly said, in accents low and deep,
“ I could from others bear this wild reproach,
But not from *thee*—Rosa ! to see thee weep
Costs me far more than it would *thee* to keep
Thy sorrow within bounds : cease this vain strife,
And let my promise bid thy sorrows sleep.
Soon as a son is born, to glad my life,
Oh, then shall Heaven and man behold thee Arthur’s
wife !

XVII.

“ Pass some short months, and *then*— :” he turned—
a sigh
Burst from his breast, and *I* could say no more ;
But fancied, from that hour of agony,
That Arthur came less often than before :
And *when* he came !—ye that are weeping o’er
The lost affections of a heart whose care
Was once to please you only !—ye that pour
Tears silently, then strive your woes to bear,
And try the sunniest smile your faded cheek can wear !

XVIII.

Pity me! for it came—the hour of sorrow
 To *me*, that had forgotten how to weep;
 To me, who gladly hailed each joyous morrow
 That woke me from light dreams and peaceful sleep!
 Oh, ne'er did happiness its vigil keep
 Over the sinful—theirs is transient joy;
 The trembling bliss—the feelings wild and deep,
 Shooting like lightning o'er the heart—their toy,
 Coming in brightness still, more darkly to destroy.

XIX.

And Arthur was not what he was ere while,
 Sad was his eye, and gloomy grew his brow;
 Changed were his accents—sorrowful his smile—
 Yes,—*he* was altered,—oh! I cared not *how*—
 But gazed, and wept in bitterness; and now
 With eyes averted, or impatient tread,
 He saw his hapless Rosa's tear-drops flow;
 No word of comfort soothingly he said,
 But buried in his hands, with muttered oaths, his head.

XX.

Oh ! it was awful, starting from his trance,
To see him pace with hurried step the room ;
Darting bright troubled fires from every glance.
Then calm, but pale, without youth's brightening
 bloom,
As storms, subsiding, leave a cheerless gloom.
In vain I supplicated him to tell
His grief to *me*, and let me share his doom,
Assured that death with him were welcomed well—
No word he spoke, but still on me those dark eyes fell.

XXI.

Months passed : one evening, as of early days,
When first my bosom thrilled *his* voice to hear,
And thought upon the gentle words of praise
Which forced my lips to smile, and chased my fear ;
I sang—a sob, deep, single, struck my ear ;
Wondering, I gazed on Arthur, bending low—
His features were concealed, but many a tear,
Quick gushing forth, continued fast to flow,
Stood where they fell, then sank like dew-drops on
 the snow.

XXII.

Oh yes! however cold in after years,
At least it cost thee sorrow *then* to leave me ;
And for those few sincere, remorseful tears,
I do forgive (though thou couldst thus deceive me)
The years of peace of which thou didst bereave me.
Yes—as I saw those gushing life-drops come
Back to the heart which yet delayed to grieve me,
Thy love returned a moment to its home,
Far, far away from me for ever then to roam.

XXIII.

I gazed a moment, mute with sad surprise ;
My bosom thrilled by that deep sound of woe ;—
“ Oh Arthur, oh beloved! raise those dear eyes,
Let but my tears with thine together flow !
Whate'er thy grief, let, love, let Rosa know.”
Startled, he turned—sad as a funeral chime,
The slow words came—“ Oh! Rosa, I must *go* :
This night I sail to reach a foreign clime ;
Nay, look not thus appalled—it is but for a time.”

XXIV.

Vain were his words—chill sank my fainting heart :
“ Oh ! if dark fate hath doomed us now to sever,
I do conjure thee, though all hope depart,
By our past love, by évery vain endeavour
To hold thee here,—*say*, dost thou go for ever ? ”
“ No ; by my hopes of bliss—by all that’s dear—
By the blue midnight sky—the silent river—
By Heaven, which only now my vow can hear,
Within three transient months expect me to appear.”

XXV.

He went—he *went* ! his shadow, as he passed,
Traced his dark outline in the silvery light ;
And, as he closed the gate, he gave one last
Long lingering look of love, as if the sight
Recalled to memory many a fairer night ;
He raised his eyes to heaven’s blue vault serene,
And turned away ;—he went—the moonbeams bright
Chequered with wavy lines the peaceful scene—
And long with dreamy thought I watched where he had
been.

XXVI.

Still hope was left me, and each tedious hour
Was counted, as it brought his coming near ;
And joyfully I watched each fading flower ;
Each tree, whose shadowy boughs grew red and sear ;
And hailed sad Autumn, favourite of the year.
At length my time of sorrow came—'twas over,
A beauteous boy was brought me, doubly dear,
For all the fears that promise caused to hover
Round him—'twas past—I claimed a husband in my
lover.

XXVII.

Oh, beauteous were my baby's dark blue eyes,
Evermore turning to his mother's face,
So dove-like soft, yet bright as summer skies ;
And pure his cheek as roses, ere the trace
Of earthly blight or stain their tints disgrace.
O'er my loved child enraptured still I hung ;
No joy in life could those sweet hours replace,
When by his cradle low I watched, and sung ;
While still in memory's ear, his father's promise rung.

XXVIII.

Three months—three lingering months, had past away,
 And my sweet infant had begun to know
 Upon whose neck his clasping fingers lay,
 And sought by little signs, his love to show;
 And when my tears unconsciously would flow,
 Raised those young innocent eyes, with questioning
 glance.

Hark! a quick step is tramping through the snow—
 'Tis *he*, 'tis *he*! I cried, from distant France!
 But my heart echoed low, 'tis he, 'tis he,—*perchance*.

XXIX.

Close to my beating heart I strained my boy,
 That moment's bliss repaid whole months of care.
 Forward I sprang, in fulness of my joy;
 In joy!—alas, it was not Arthur there.
 Stern was the aspect, haughty was the air
 Of him, who gazed around in wondering mood.
 “Lady,” he said at length, “art thou aware
 From whom I come?” Trembling, a while I stood;
 Then wildly cried, “from *him*! oh, are thy tidings
 good?”

XXX.

“ Lord Arthur greets thee, and he bade me say, I
That he no more thine image may retain ;
That thou must cast the lingering hope away,
If hope thou hast of seeing him again ;
A second parting would but give thee pain ;
And nevermore”—the rest I could not hear :
There *were* words spoken, but I strove in vain
To catch the sense ; stricken with doubt and fear,
Sick grew my fainting heart, and dull my senseless ear.

XXXI.

Something, I know, was said in soothing tone,
As if some comfort in the words were told ;
Something in praise of that dear little one,
And offers large of gold—accursed gold—
Oh ! at that sound how every vein grew cold !
Would *that* bring back the hope that fled for ever ?
All rushed upon my mind—the days of old—
The promise made when we were doomed to sever ;
I asked, and weeping memory answered, never ! never !

XXXII.

I strove for speech—I lifted up my child ;
With quivering lip that breathed imperfect sound,
“ Tell him,” I said, with voice and gesture wild,
“ If in his *heart* some vain excuse be found,
Tell him, *this* tie, and Heaven, will hold him bound ;
Tell him, the heart he laboured to beguile
Will, breaking, firmly clasp his image round ;
Tell him, my life will linger but a while,
Say that you saw his child, my rosy infant, smile.

XXXIII.

“ Take back your gold !—in the heart’s agony
It is not valued—it is nothing worth ;
Tell him, if he is changed, I soon shall die,
And *then* can only need a little earth.
Bid him think *once*, amid his hours of mirth,
On the young gladness of our mutual love—
Bid him remember, at my infant’s birth,
The promise only heard by Heaven above ;—
Oh ! once he had a heart—seek *thou* that heart to
move.”

XXXIV.

He promised, and he went—oh, dire suspense !
To breaking hearts how terrible art thou !
When every sound strikes sickening on the sense,
And the cold drops stand on the pallid brow.
I watched—I waited—yea, I hoped e'en *now*—
I thought, perchance, that Arthur's self would come
To bid adieu !—I recked not, asked not *how*,
But thought, if he revisited his home,
And only *saw* his child, again he could not roam.

XXXV.

The third day broke—a menial servant came,
And brought a letter—well I knew the hand ;
Unkind to write—to send—my trembling frame
Could scarce the strength of tottering steps command.
With dim, but eager eyes, each line I scanned—
Oh ! what the words ?—the words—away ! each one
Had lived for ever, even though writ in sand ;
He said, he gave me back the heart he won,—
He said—hear it, bright Heaven ! Albert was *not* his
son !

XXXVI.

I read it—yes ! I read it—and my heart
Refused to break ! I read it yet *again*,
Gazed on, and bade my spell-bound soul depart—
Looked up in anguish to the heavens—'twas vain !
I shrieked, I wept, sole witness of my pain !
Speak for me now, though sinful, lost, and wild,
By the vain passion I might not restrain—
By all my sufferings—by thy mercy mild—
Oh ! witness, by all these, he did reject his child !

XXXVII.

It *was* his child ! ungrateful and unkind,
Thou could'st not think what yet thou dar'dst to say.
Oh ! if remorse hath ever crossed thy mind,
May Heaven forgive when I am far away !
Mayest thou ne'er think, amidst the proud and gay,
Of *her* who now so freely hath forgiven—
Of her who loved thee in life's earliest day,
Who lives to pray for thee, to love thee even—
Her latest hope, to meet thy pardoned soul in heaven.

XXXVIII.

I rose—I took my child—the *fatherless* !
Wiped the big tear-drops from my heavy eyes,
That gushed at every mute and dear caress
My infant gave ; and, as the lone dove flies
Far from her widowed nest, through stranger skies,
To seek her mate, so, reckless of the scorn
Which on the world's sad victim heavy lies,
I went, with racking doubt and anguish torn,
To die, or bid young Hope again with Love be born.

XXXIX.

With weary limbs, parched lips, and fainting heart,
I reached the proud metropolis—around
Were busy throngs, of which I formed no part ;
And cheerful faces, and the jocund sound
Of countless human voices ; friends, who found
Those that they sought for ; children, that could come
To meet their mother with a joyous bound.
Who welcomed *me* ? who bade *me* cease to roam ?
Alas ! to me this scene was but my Arthur's home !

XL.

I pressed my baby to my throbbing breast,
In the wide world he was my only tie;
Others had parents, husbands, homes of rest,
Loved and were loved again—Oh! what had I?
No voice was there to soothe mine agony,
I wandered on 'mid crowds, alone, alone;
None bade me stay, none bade me cease to sigh;
By all unpitied, and to all unknown,
I had my love—my grief—my child:—all else was gone.

XLI.

I reached his door—that door which once I thought
Had oped to welcome me as Arthur's bride;
Where oft in joyous fancy, I had brought
My poor old father, evermore beside
His couch to watch, and be his only guide!
Where were those buoyant hopes and feelings now?
Where was that vision, raised by youthful pride?
Fled with the pureness of that virgin brow
Which sorrow might have dimmed, but sin alone could
bow.

XLII.

I knocked—oh ! louder knocked my beating heart!
When to the door a heavy footstep came ;
The menial smiled, and bade me quick depart,
Muttering, “ hard travelling for so fair a dame,”
While indignation shook my trembling frame ;
I shrank away, the ready tears gushed forth,
But pride forbade—I could not speak my name ;
A moment’s silence, and upon the earth
That pitying servant threw some coins of little worth.

XLIII.

Yea, pity touched his heart—but oh ! for *me*—
Was *this* my fate ?—I was condemned to take
From Arthur’s servant common charity ?
I rose—I said, “ alas ! for pity’s sake
Let me see him—thy master—let me make
Myself appeal unto his hardened soul !
Some throb of dying mercy I might wake—
Some feeling interest *cannot* controul—
Some wish, the bitter grief he caused me, to console !”

XLIV.

Hard, hard to be refused ! he bade me *wait*,
The only favour he could now bestow—
To stand a mendicant at Arthur's gate,
Watching the time when he and all should go
To seek amusement in the sunny glow.
Oh ! once the gladsome light had charms for me !
Once I could watch the dark blue river flow,
With smiles of joy, with thoughts of extacy ;
But lips must cease to smile when hearts no more are
free.

XLV.

I waited—Heavens ! how crept the weary hours,
Step after step, away !—They bring not *him* !
At length I caught his voice.—All-gracious Powers !
How throbbed my heart, how failed each quivering
limb !
How seemed each object in my sight to swim !
That light, gay, laughing voice !—it ceased—the
sound—
He came, he came, I raised mine eyes, though dim,
And indistinct all figures seemed around :
I saw *him* well—my hopes my fears, an answer found.

XLVI.

Beautiful as in life's first early day ;
Proud as the eagle on his airy height ;
With that bright sparkling eye, whose glancing ray
Spoke from beneath his brow, like dawning light—
With stately form, to fix the wandering sight,
And those dark curls uncovered to the wind
Which oft, in happier days of sunshine bright,
With garlands wild my sportive fingers twined ;
He stood, lingering awhile for those who came behind.

XLVII.

Onward they came—the young, the gay, the free—
With eyes reflecting back the beams that shone,
With careless step, and youthful revelry,
And graceful laughter's light and silvery tone.
They pause—a gay adieu, and they are gone
To meet again at festival or dance ;
And one fair creature now was left alone,
On whom my Arthur cast an anxious glance,
And she replied with smiles—a sister's smiles, perchance.

XLVIII.

I could not rise—I vainly strove to speak,
The words, imperfect, died upon my tongue ;
Like some sad dream we struggling try to break,
The scene around upon my spirit hung ;
And ever in my ear the accents rung,
“ *If hope thou hast*”—oh ! *could* I hope again ?
With tender care a mantle Arthur flung
Across that lady’s steed, and smoothed his mane,
Then turned to mount his own, and seized the tightened
rein.

XLIX.

Despair gives strength.—With one convulsive bound
I reached him, clung to him with fevered grasp ;
And when he gazed in wild amazement round,
And strove to disengage my frantic clasp,
I burst the bonds of silence with a gasp,
And Arthur answered. Oh ! upon my ear,
Like the the cold poison of the deadly asp,
Freezing my life-blood, fell those accents drear—
Yet he had loved me well—what had I *now* to fear ?

L.

Hurried and passionate the words he spoke—
Pale grew his cheek, and darker fell his brow;
And from his breast a groan of anguish broke :
“ Rosa I would that thou hadst spared me now,
'Tis vain—'tis past—alas ! thou know'st not how
I struggled and entreated—'twas in vain ;
I may not now renew my broken vow,—
I may not even visit thee again ;
Rosa, forgive me—I have suffered equal pain.”

LI.

Wild was my laugh—“ Oh ! heartless and unkind !
Thou suffer ! may'st thou never feel like me !
Yea, give thy vows of passion to the wind ;
Heaven heard them, though to man, unknown they be ;
Heaven sees me shunned by all, betrayed by thee ;
Lured from the happy home where once I smiled ;
Heaven hears my moan of hopeless agony—
Heaven hears thee scorn thy young and innocent
child—
Heaven sees us stand e'en now, beguiler and beguiled.”

LII.

“ Rosa ! ’tis vain—whate’er I can, I will—
Ask what thou wilt, which riches may bestow ;
The cot is thine—mayest thou be happy still !
In vain regret may rise, or tears may flow—
Angels may smile above—man weeps below ;
The happiest hours of all my life are past—
The faded flower of love no more can blow—
Thou see’st my bride—my die for life is cast—
Write—ask whate’er thou wilt—this meeting is our last.”

LIII.

With desperate step and strong he broke away,
Upon his courser in an instant sprung ;
When soft I heard *her* voice in pity say—
“ Hast thou relieved her, Arthur ?” Still I clung
To him—to life—till at my feet was flung
A purse—a heavy purse—I loosed my hold.
Loud on the sounding stones the iron rung
Of those departing steeds—my blood ran cold—
I gazed on what remained—my child, my grief, and
gold.

LIV.

I did not faint—I did not tear my hair—
I did not shriek to Heaven and man for aid ;
Once only, when some gazer's piteous care
Raised up the purse, and gentle offer made,
A groan of anguish, which might not be staid,
Burst forth ; all then was mute as my despair.
I lifted up my child, who, half afraid,
Clung trembling to my heart in silence there,
And turned me to depart—returning home—ah ! where ?

LV.

My cot ! oh ! was it mine ? was I to be
A guilty thing, dependent, though unloved ?
Yet whither turn, to shun the charity
Of him whose heart so cold and stern had proved ?
Would strangers pity when he was not moved ?
Or would the humble friends of happier days
Welcome the wanderer, who lonely roved
Through the dark world, shunning her fellows' gaze,
Unheard, unsought, the voice of pity or of praise ?

LVI.

Yet there was one—one on the boundless earth,
Who would not spurn me, even when fallen and lost ;
Whose gentle fondness smiled upon my birth—
Who watched if e'er a shade of sadness crossed
My laughing brow—and when, by passion tossed,
My heart rebellious rose, had gently cheered
And watched, consoled, supported, loved me most
In sorrow sought, by Nature's ties endeared—
Father ! to thee I turn, thy wrath no longer feared.

LVII.

Once I bethought me, vain and hopeless thought !
To make appeal to her, that pitying one—
Woman to woman. Then I would have sought
To move her gentle heart with anguished moan ;
But ever on my ear there fell the tone
Of Arthur's hurried words—"Thou see'st my bride !"
Was she indeed his bride ? Yes, hope was gone—
I *felt* it true. Roll on, life's 'whelming tide,
Wreck the frail bark which now hath lost its only guide.

LVIII.

And this was he who loved me ; he who came
To whisper vows to my too willing ear
With lip of melody and heart of flame ;
Vows whose glad truth I deemed so trebly dear
To him who breathed them, that had doubt or fear
Been raised within my heart, they could not grow—
He whose bright eyes bespoke a soul sincere—
This, *this* was he who—vain remembrance now !
He lives to scorn the past—he lives to break his vow.

LIX.

Ah no ! I could not turn me to that cot
Which in life's gladsome spring I loved so well ;
I could not think upon my hopeless lot,
And then return, forgotten, there to dwell
Where once—oh memory ! no longer tell
The tale too oft repeated, and in vain.
What reck we of the scenes that *once* befel,
If all the future is composed of pain ?
Farewell, thou stranger home ! welcome my own again !

END OF THE SECOND PART.

PART III.

I.

I JOURNEYED on—the weary sun had set,
And darkness shadowed o'er the face of heaven;
Sleep, that can bid the wretched to forget,
To my sweet babe its late repose had given;
When changed the aspect of that gentle even,
The bitter blast came sweeping o'er my path;
Far off, in eddying rounds, the snow was driven—
Burst o'er my head the thunder's dreadful wrath—
I turned to God, my stay, the hope the wanderer hath.

II.

“ Shield, shield my child, All-merciful, All-just !
Grant but the shelter of the meanest shed !
If that mine hour is come, if die I must,
Spare me at least to house *his* gentle head !
Have mercy, oh ! have mercy !—Cold the bed
His form must press, if I should perish now.
Yet, yet a little while, and with the dead,
Smiling and thankful, I would lay me low.
Hear me, by all my woes—before thy throne I bow.”

III.

Oh, night of horror and of agony !
When chilling fear came like some fell disease ;
When the blue lightning shot along the sky,
Flashing bright ruin round, its prey to seize ;
When the cold wind howled through the rocking trees,
And shivering, wet, and weary, I pursued,
Struggling against the strong opposing breeze,
Trembling with anguish, faint for lack of food,
Across the wintry waste, a path unknown and rude.

IV.

At length the whirlwind ceased, the morning broke :
Oh ! never had I seen the sun arise,
Ere from my dream of pleasure I awoke,
In all the radiance of blue summer skies,
With half the bliss with which my weeping eyes
Received the gray and melancholy morn,
Which, pale and tearful, seemed to bid the ties
Which bound me to the world again be born—
Those ties which but last night I deemed in sunder torn.

V.

I reached a hamlet, and a moment's peace,
Dwelt in my heart. 'Twas sweet to hear once more
The busy sounds I fancied were to cease
To animate a heart whose beat was o'er.
I gently tapped a lowly cottage door,
And asked for food with faint and humble voice ;
I fed my child, with bliss unknown before,
When I had plenty round and viands choice :
Oh ! those who suffer much are those who most rejoice !

VI.

Again I turned to wend my weary way,
Hoping to reach my home ere evening came ;
And the sun gladdened soon the misty day,
Infusing life and vigour in my frame ;
Half faded from my heart the sense of shame,
Arose again the hope that had expired ;
And thoughts of him who would not harshly blame,
Of penitence, of love, my bosom fired,
And prayer to Him whom prayer and sorrow never tired.

VII.

I reached my home when the warm sun was set—
When o'er the beauties of that peaceful scene
A few faint rosy beams were lingering yet :
I thought, while gazing on that lovely e'en,
On what I was, on what I once had been ;
I thought, as round me lay the drifted snow,
How bright the summer when I last had seen
That cottage sleeping in the sunset glow,
Where now are leafless trees, through which the bleak
winds blow.

VIII.

Such was the change my heart had undergone—
There all was gloomy, dark, and desolate,
And winter reigned where brightest spring had shone.
I stood a moment at the wicket gate,
Lingering, and trembling on the verge of fate,
With weeping eyes upraised to that calm Heaven,
With fear and shame, that urged me yet to wait,
While from my heart all confidence was driven;
And now I deemed my crime too great to be forgiven.

IX.

On, Rosa, on—a father *must* forgive !
The heart which judges truly cannot love ;
He waits to welcome thee, to bid thee live
For him, no more in misery to rove :
Oh, haste thee yet, a father's pity prove :
I oped the gate, advanced—retreated—no,
I dare not seek that injured heart to move.
What shall I say ? yet whither can I go ?
Oh, help me, Heaven ! give strength for more than
mortal woe.

X.

I paused—across the latticed window came,
While cold and hesitating there I stayed,
The cheerful blazing of the hearth's bright flame—
That hearth where oft in infancy I played,
And many a gambol by my father made,
Reckless of stormy winds, which raged without,
Save when, with lisping, innocent tongue, I prayed
That God would save, in terror, grief, and doubt,
Wandering and weary ones, condemned to venture out.

XI.

I was that wanderer now!—I oped the door;
I stood upon the threshold of my *home*;
A gasp of agony,—a moment more,
And pardoned Rosalie should cease to roam!
To that bright room my faltering steps had come;
Methought e'en now I felt the cheering glow,
Saw the brown bread, the bright ale's sparkling foam,
Which once my hand had bade for him to flow
To whom but hirelings now their tardy duty show.

XII.

The latch was lifted, and I gazed around—
But oh, my heart! there were bright faces there,
And cheerful voices, but it ceased, that sound;
A youth, and aged man with silver hair, [prayer;
Knelt with clasped hands, to breathe their evening
And a young wife, who rocked her cradled child,
Ceased her low murmuring song, that on the air
No voice but *his* might sound, and gently smiled,
Till startled by my shriek, which rose long, loud, and
wild.

XIII.

Yes—bright and cheerful as 'twas wont to be,
The hearth was blazing, but, alas! for *whom*?
Oh what was I to them—or they to me?
I gazed around, hoping my steps had come
Astray, but no! too well I knew the room;
Too true the certainty struck on my heart—
I read in stranger eyes my dreadful doom!
Their welcome, only an astonished start—
Their links on earth, fond ties, in which *I* had no part!

XIV.

“ My father ! oh, my father ! ” vain the cry—
I had no father now ; no need to say
“ Thou art alone ! ” I *felt* my misery—
My father, yet return,—*return* ! the day
When sorrow had availed is past away ;
Tears cannot raise the dead, grief cannot call
Back to the earthly corse the spirit’s ray—
Vainly eternal tears of blood might fall ;
One short year since, he lived—my hopes now
perished all !

XV.

A shriek, and low I sank upon the ground ;
The last dim sound that fell upon my ear,
Those pitying voices murmuring around,
The last dim glance showed pity’s trembling tear ;
It ceased—and fled the power to see or hear.
My child was taken from my failing arms,
Happy, unconscious now of hope or fear ;
Dead to the poignant sense of earthly harms,
Dried were my bitter tears, and hushed my heart’s
alarms.

XVI.

On, on—through many a dark and mournful day
I lived, half conscious, in a dreamy land,
While many a vision came, and passed away,
And many a fairy scheme of bliss was planned,
And ever by me Arthur seemed to stand;
With *him* in sunny fields and bowers I ranged,
In scenes where we had wandered hand in hand;
And I was happy till the vision changed;
'Twas Arthur still, but oh! with heart and looks
estranged!

XVII.

And then, methought, beneath a stormy sky,
With his gray hair thin streaming on the wind,
My father stood in hopeless agony;
Reproached me as ungrateful and unkind;
And prayed that *I* as hard a fate might find;
Or on a lowly couch his form was lying,
Whispering sad words, which, still with head inclined,
I vainly strove to hear; and, he while dying,
Cast a reproachful glance at *me* for not replying.

XVIII.

And then again it changed, and bound I stood
While demons tore my baby limb from limb,
And still the stream of gushing living blood
Came trickling on the earth, all fresh from him
Who might have mingled with the cherubim,
And been as bright as they : warm o'er my feet,
All seen too plain, though vision-like and dim,
Those crimson rivulets appeared to meet,
While powerless still I stood, unable to retreat.

XIX.

At length I slept ; and when I woke again
Those fevered dreams had fled, and left me weak,
With but the sense confused of grief and pain :
I gazed around, and feebly tried to speak ;
And kindly eyes, that watched my slumber break,
Turned to the couch,—I asked them for my child,
And that young wife replied, in accents meek :
My babe was brought me—I was wan and wild ;
And, shrinking back, it turned to that kind one, and
smiled.

XX.

Long, long I wept with weak and piteous cry
O'er my sweet infant, in its rosy bloom,
As memory brought my hours of agony
Again before my mind ;—I mourned *his* doom ;
I mourned my own : the sunny little room
In which, oppressed by sickness, now I lay,
Weeping for sorrows past, and woes to come,
Had been my own in childhood's early day.
Oh ! could those years indeed so soon have passed
away !

XXI.

Past, as the waters of the running brook ;
Fled, as the summer winds that fan the flowers ;
All that remained, a word—a tone—a look,
Impressed, by chance, in those bright joyous hours ;
Blossoms which, culled from youth's light fairy bowers,
Still float with lingering scent, as loth to fade,
In spite of sin's remorseless 'whelming powers,
Above the wreck which time and grief have made,
Nursed with the dew of tears, though low in ruin
laid.

XXII.

And they had watched me all that weary while—
Those kindly hearts, and made my child their own,
And saw with pleasure still its infant smile ;
And even now, when fell disease was gone,
Besought me not to wander forth alone
In the bleak stormy world where friends were not ;
And bade me stay, although my tale was known,
Here in the shelter of their lonely cot,
Where I might yet attain a not unhappy lot !

XXIII.

But no—I could not stay in that sweet place,
So changed, so fallen from all which once I was,
And see reflected, in each well-known face,
My shame and sorrow—never !—human laws
Were framed against me, while the unpitying cause
Of all my misery, secure from blame,
Passed the gay hours in mirth, nor made one pause
To think of me in mournfulness and shame—
Heaven might forgive, but man would scorn my blighted
name.

XXIV.

And I departed thence, with thanks and tears ;
The meed I offered they declined to take,
But prayed Heaven would prolong my baby's years,
That he might wrestle for his mother's sake ;
And said, if misery came, that I might make
Their home again my home—ye tender-hearted !
'Twas yours the fount of tenderer grief to wake !
And tears, unfeigned and half unconscious, started,
As, slow and mournfully, once more I thence departed.

XXV.

Once more a weary wanderer—once more
Without a shelter for the coming eve !
Why did I dream my woes would soon be o'er ?
Why did my heart my reason thus deceive,
To think the sinful could forget to grieve ?
Oh ! dream soon broken ! hope forgotten now !
Last feeling which the human heart can leave,
Teach me again to trust the broken vow !
Friend of the desolate—in misery help me *thou* !

XXVI.

I rested in the churchyard, where, alone,
The verdant mound raised o'er his buried head,
Marked by a rude and solitary stone,
My father lay—the long-lamented dead !
I knelt, and many a bitter tear I shed.
“ O thou much injured, yet devoutly loved,
Who first in infancy my footsteps led !
If pardon may be found for her who roved,
And left thee lonely—oh ! may Heaven, mayest thou
be moved !

XXVII.

“ If days of agony and nights of tears
Can aught atone for passion's wild excess ;
If mercy e'en the worst of sinners cheers,
When sunk in penitence and mournfulness,
Oh ! then let Mercy hear my moan, and bless,
Although unworthy, her who prostrate lies—
Hear me in anguish and in bitterness !
If grief can reach thy home, beyond the skies,
A late repentance take, since death the rest denies.”

XXVIII.

All that remained, the grave, the silent grave
Of him o'er whose unconscious form I pined,
In early youth the generous and the brave,
In age the tender-hearted and the kind,
The past, the happy past ! rushed o'er my mind,
Tinging with hues, from Memory's painful dart,
Those busy scenes with *his* dear image twined ;
And then the future struck upon my heart—
That future in which *he* should never bear a part.

XXIX.

That future came—sad months had rolled away—
Tears had been shed, and sighs been heaved in vain ;
And I, that Rosalie, so young and gay,
Was now a withered form of want and pain ;
My voice, which now but sounded to complain
In hollow accents, startled e'en *my* ear ;
And my weak limbs could scarce the power retain
To drag me forth, in lingering doubt and fear,
Imploring food for him who now alone was dear.

XXX.

Oh, Heaven! the hour arrived when I had nought,
When sick and sorrowful I gazed around,
Knowing, alas! the little store I brought
Was all exhausted—where could help be found?
Hard hearts had they to whom I now was bound;
For the dark wretched room in which I lay
They ask'd for payment—scarce the falt'ring sound.
Of vain excuse and vainer prayer to stay
Had pass'd my lips, when stern they bade me speed
away.

XXXI.

“ Away, and in the loneliness of night!”
To wait fresh pain with ev'ry varying hour;
“ Oh! yet delay—abuse not thus your right!
List to the pelting of the dreary shower!
Angry and fierce the opposing tempests lower;
Oh! yet till daylight!”—vain, alas! the cry!
With brow repulsive, and resistless power,
She thrust me forth beneath the inclement sky—
Woman to woman did this deed of cruelty.

XXXII.

A miserable night of useless weeping,
Shiv'ring beneath the pillar'd portico
Of some great house, were all were softly sleeping,
Deaf to the storm that beat, the winds that blow,
Reckless of those that wander to and fro,
Houseless and homeless, near their proud abodes.
Unconscious slumberers ! little do ye know
The nightly weight of misery which o'erloads
Near *you*, unpitied crowds, and to destruction goads !

XXXIII.

The morrow—and the grey and silent streets
Swarmed with the varied multitudes anew,
Still changing with each fev'rish hour that fleets.
The busy many and the anxious few
In quick succession pass before my view.
And now my infant, pining in my arms,
With cheeks like faded roses in the dew,
Awoke in me a mother's dread alarms—
Hunger and cold oppress'd and nipp'd his baby charms.

XXXIV.

The day wore on, the gleamy sun was setting,
A deep conviction stole upon my mind ;
All but my cherished innocent babe forgetting—
I rose—I cried—" Have mercy, passers kind,
Upon my child ! let misery pity find—
Oh ! hear me"—and they pass'd one after one,
Some frowned—some cast a pitying look behind,
And some few gave—at length the day was gone,
And then I bowed my head and wearily sank down.

XXXV.

But I had food for *him*, though I was left
Unpitied thus to struggle with my fate—
This ling'ring mournful hope was not bereft,
That he would live to feel a generous hate
Of all the cold restraints of pomp and state ;
And then, when proud and beautiful he stood,
His father would, repentant, though too late,
Sigh o'er past evil and neglected good,
With useless tears, oft shed in penitential mood.

XXXVI.

'Twas not to be—day vanished after day,
And fewer gave, and fainter grew my prayer—
In vain I watch'd my baby as he lay—
Night came—his couch was in the open air—
What could avail a mother's tenderest care!
With miser hand—the pittance hoarded still,
Dealt out to him alone a frugal fare,
But to delay, not banish, future ill,
While famine spared the babe whom misery was to kill.

XXXVII.

At last 'twas spent—I asked for alms in vain—
Tired of relieving one who still prayed on,
With frowning brow they turn'd from sight of pain,
With silent tongue and tearless eyes were gone.
I waited till the close of day, but none
Had taken pity on me, and I went
Once more to him who doom'd me to be low;
Mothers are humble—o'er my child I bent;
I rose to ask his alms who scorned the gold he sent.

XXXVIII.

Lonesome and wearily I reached the door,
But he was gone—gone with his happy bride,
Where—oh! I asked not—wish'd to hear no more;
His heart was far away—the world was wide,
And I was lonelier than all beside!
Another day of sad and anxious weeping;
Another day of famine—all denied;
Another night my mournful vigils keeping
Above my pining child, whom hunger hinder'd sleeping.

XXXIX.

Dreamily had the heavy days gone by,
And Albert faded—fainter grew his cries—
Oh! ye that ever bent in agony
Above your pallid infant! ye that rise,
And glance, half fearfully, with 'wilder'd eyes,
Expecting death—then kneel in tears to pray,
With tongue that speech articulate denies,
That God will yet awhile the stroke delay,
Think what *I* suffered then, from weary day to day.

XL.

You softly place that little languid head,
You tempt him with the comforts spread around,
But I could envy now the meanest shed—
My babe was *starving*—bless'd if I but found
A morsel destined for the hungry hound!
Moving his pale sweet lips with grateful smile,
Unwitting of the fate that o'er him frowned ;
His was the present—gladdened for awhile—
The future *mine*, of woe no hope might now beguile.

XLI.

There came a day—I sat alone—alone!
The dismal showers had drench'd my thread-worn
dress,
And, seated on the cold and dripping stone,
Without the power to ask for alms—still less
The strength to wander in my wretchedness,
My dying baby laid upon my knee ;
I look'd on those who pass'd, and sought to guess
Where pity dwelt, still gazing wistfully,
With hope, but half extinct, for that which could not be.

XLII.

A carriage stopp'd—a lady, richly dress'd,
Alighted, and I rose in doubt and fear—
The faint and murm'ring tones, but half express'd,
Fell on a hardened heart and deafened ear;
She pass'd—I gazed—and felt the blow severe;
But as she went, upon the stones there fell
A sparkling cross, of jewels rich and rare;
Rushed o'er my mind the thoughts that dared not
 dwell—
I had a child—*that* child!—oh! needs there more to tell?

XLIII.

I seized it—fled—behind me rose a shout—
On!—on!—my trembling knees could scarce sustain
The weight above—near, nearer came the rout—
On! on!—oh! shall the effort be in vain?
A few yards more, and then would end my pain—
I reached a shop—flung down the cross, and said,
“Food for my child!” I could no more restrain
My weakness and my woe—I snatched the bread,
Gave it to *him*, and sunk lifeless, unconscious, dead!

XLIV.

I woke—oh! would that I had slept for ever!
Stern forms were standing round—I heard the cry
Of that dear little one they sought to sever
From his poor mother! one long gasping sigh,
One lingering pause of nature's agony,
And I recovered: let it not be told
What followed next—suffice it, that to die
Contains no pang so sickening, deep, and cold,
As that which rent my heart in those barbarians' hold.

XLV.

An hour, and I was pent in prison walls—
The shriek of woe, the bursting sob, the tear—
Not *that*, the soft and sad, which gently falls,
But scalding bitterness was shedding here—
Oh, God! those prisoned hours, so long, so drear!
Still—still I feel the damp and heavy cell
Strike on my numbing sense, palsied with fear;
Yet I had *him*, loved tenderly and well,
Dear link of life, to whom I clung, whate'er befel.

XLVI.

Where is my child? great God! forgive these moans!
Forgive the question—wildly, vainly spoke!
'Tis over now, but *then*—ye sad grey stones,
Graves of the lovely and the loved, revoke
Your cruel mandate; let the chain be broke,
And give me back my own—my *own*! alas!
'Tis mine no more—the dead may not be woke—
Unfading treasures misers may amass,
But rosy cheeks—bright eyes—like airy visions pass.

XLVII.

I watch'd—I pray'd—I knelt all desolate,
While fev'rish throbb'd my baby's pulse—I tried
Not to repine at the decrees of fate;
I sought for resignation—yea, I cried,
“Thy will be done,”—but no—it was denied.
Oft as I gazed upon that flushing cheek,
Oft as those eyelids turn'd, submission died;
I held his hand, so languid, faint, and weak,
And laid my lips on his, with vain attempt to speak.

XLVIII.

Three nights—the fourth, sleep closed my weary eyes,
While kneeling by his couch—a happier dream
Stole o'er my mind—methought I saw him rise
From slumber's arms, with eyes whose sunny beam
Outshone his own—by our own trickling stream
I stood, and still my father bless'd my boy,
While bright and joyous, as on earth could seem,
All shone around—'twas hope without alloy—
A sound—a painful start—and broke my dream of joy.

XLIX.

I bent above my child—the life was gone!
Cold was the hand and pulseless was the heart,
And I was lock'd in darkness, and alone!
I could not watch the ling'ring ray depart
From those half-conscious eyes—Death's silent dart
Had pierced him whom the stormy lightning spared—
Whom famine failed to slay: a groan—a start—
Were welcomed now with rapture—Nature dared
All agonies but one; in *silence* she despaired.

L.

Was it then true? it was. No hideous dream,
“ Making night horrible,” obscured my sense—
The soul was fled—how nothing all things seem
When those we toiled for are departed hence :
There, with a mournful silent eloquence
Rending my heart, lay the untasted crust—
Alas ! the day they bore my infant thence,
In vain I prayed the merciful—the just—
They laid my rosy babe low with the worm i’ the dust.

LI.

My trial came, and I could only say
I lived—I breathed—I felt nor hope nor fear ;
My thoughts were in a distant world, away
With him who *was*—who once had been so dear !
One only sentence struck upon my ear,
A question of that wretched day—“ My Lord,
She gave it to her *child* !” was answered—drear
And dark as was my soul, I *felt* that word—
My shriek so long, so wild, was never wilder heard.

LII.

It pass'd, that day, and then they set me free—
I gazed in melancholy stupor round ;
The prison walls had been the same to me—
Sorrow remained—sorrow that knew no bound !
They gave me shelter—I nor smiled nor frowned—
My heart was dead within me—sad I sate,
With but one thought, my baby's grassy mound ;
Night came—I rested—food was brought—I ate,
Nor ever murmur made for my unhappy fate.

LIII.

Years have gone by—my thoughts have risen higher—
I sought for refuge at the Almighty's throne ;
And when I sit by this low mould'ring fire,
With but my Bible, feel not quite alone,
Lingering in peace, till I can lay me down,
Quiet and cold in that last dwelling place,
By him o'er whose young head the grass is grown—
By him who yet shall rise with angel face,
Pleading for me, the lost and sinful of my race.

LIV.

And if I still heave one reluctant sigh—
If earthly sorrows still will cross my heart—
If still to my now dimmed and sunken eye
The bitter tear, half checked, in vain will start,
I bid the dreams of other days depart,
And turn, with clasping hands and lips compress'd,
To pray that Heaven will soothe sad memory's smart,
Teach me to bear and calm my troubled breast,
And grant *her* peace in Heaven who not on earth may
rest.

ELVIRA;

A FRAGMENT.

AND she will come—her sweet lute strung behind,
And her dark tresses streaming to the wind;
Death on her cheek; and madness in her air
Will rave in all the wildness of despair.—
Oh! how can our existence be so dear,
Embittered by the frequent burning tear?
Why were we formed to live, to die in pain,
To wish for what, to hope, alas! were vain—
While senseless, soulless, grovelling forms of clay
Laugh at the pangs they cannot chase away?
Oh! what is memory, and what is hope?
Memory! a dream—within whose boundless scope
All we *have* loved comes rushing o'er the mind:
We wake to weep o'er joys we've left behind.

Hope ! 'tis the expectation unfulfilled,
When all our fairest views are blighted—killed ;
'Tis the delusion sent, by heavenly care,
To save mankind from horror and despair—
Delusion oft repeated, oft destroyed,
That still deceitful fills the aching void
Of hearts that cannot look beyond a scene
Which soon may be as it had never been.
Then she will cease, and gaze full wistfully
On pity's tear, that trembles in mine eye,
As if her glimmering light *half* served to show
Elvira's wrongs had caused that tear to flow ;
And she will lay her hand upon mine arm,
And raise those eyes, of soul-subduing charm,
Whose speaking rays of trembling blue unfold
All that her wand'ring speech hath left untold ;
And, throwing back the locks her brow that veil,
Will wildly whisper forth her mournful tale :
“ Bright beneath dazzling painted lamps there shone
The gilded splendour of the Spanish throne,
While merrily the inspiring music sounded,
And swift and gracefully the light foot bounded ;
And lords and ladies, oh ! as bright and fair
As stars in a dark heaven, were gathered there.

But I saw one, in whose blue eye the light
Than painted dazzling lamps was far more bright ;
The silver music of whose voice, to me
Was sweeter than the sounds of minstrelsy ;
To whom more beauty of its kind was given
Than any of those glancing stars of heaven :
And as those beauteous orbs of light shine on,
Reckless of whom or what they smile upon,
So beautiful, so cold, my path he cross'd,
Unconscious at each step a heart was lost ;
And one, which came as light and free as air,
Fell from the height of joy to dark despair—
I saw but *him*, though he saw *all* but *me*—
Deep lies his image in my memory.
And think not, loved one, though we part for ever,
That bands the heart entwine so soon can sever ;
Oft, oh ! still oft, shall steal across my soul
The thoughts I vainly labour to controul ;
And as my parting look on Carlos fell,
To *think*, though not to *breathe*, a sad farewell—
The tear unbidden started to mine eyes,
Forlorn as Eve gazed back on Paradise.”
Now she hath ceased—her white arm raised on high,
The soul of love is beaming in her eye ;

But memory soon hath quenched that meteor ray,
And she hath turned to wend her weary way;
And bending o'er her lute's bewildering strings,
To hide her tears, thus mournfully she sings:

Oh! are we doomed to part?
And is thy maid forsaken?
Then give me back my heart—
The heart which *thou* hast taken.

The blushing flower is dead,
Ere yet we see it blowing;
And man's false love is fled,
While echo breathes his vowing!

As summer winds that blow,
As rivers swiftly gliding;
So quick her flight to woe,
In such frail love confiding.

Then steel your hearts, ye fair!
Ere yet you feel them burning;
For mine is gone, and care
Forbids its e'er returning.

Thus sings she, dewy flowerets weep to hear—
E'en the inconstant rose will drop a tear ;
And, as her sickening colour fades, will sigh
To the sweet wanton zephyr wandering by—
“ Hark to that poor lost maid, how sweet she sings !
To prove”—what would she prove ? “ That love has
wings.”
Carlos is gone, and quickly zephyr flies—
The fond rose fades—and sad Elvira dies.

THE YOUNG CRUSADER.

CLEAR and bright the moon was peeping
From the fleecy clouds of snow ;
Near a young crusader sleeping,
Thus a voice was singing low :—

“ Perjured false one, who could'st leave me !
Leave thy hapless Moorish maid ;
Swear and vow, but to deceive me,
See the price by Neilah paid !

“ See these features, palely gleaming
As the moonlight o'er the sea ;
These eyes, that late with love were beaming,
Never more shall gaze on thee.

“ As dies the shoot that's roughly parted
From its own—its parent tree,
So thy Neilah, broken hearted,
Dies—no more beloved by thee !

“ Wounded, when the conflict’s rattle
Ceases, *thou* may’st seek repose,
E’en upon the field of battle ;
But my wounds will never close.

“ Yet thy Neilah still will love thee,
Till friendly death shall end her woe ;
While the sun shall shine above thee,
Shadows *still* his light must throw.”

Starts the warrior, wildly raving,
From the dream that breaks his sleep ;
His loved one, with her locks loose waving,
O’er him seems to bend and weep.

Repentant thoughts his mind revolving,
He rushes towards the weeping fair ;
Like a flake of snow dissolving,
With sighs his Neilah melts in air.

Madly fought he on the morrow,
Rage and love alternate burn ;
Quickly death relieves his sorrow,
Faithless hearts may read and learn !

LINDA ALHAYA.

I.

SLOW rippling in the zephyr's breath,
The murmuring waters flow beneath :
Warm glows the sun—sweet breathes the air :
Why are these scenes, though bright and fair,
To me a dreary wilderness ?
Linda Alhaya * ! canst thou guess ?

II.

Why do I gaze on flowerets blue,
Which rival heaven's own matchless hue,
And wander by their native stream,
Though it to other eyes may seem
Unworthy of my constancy ?
Linda Alhaya ! tell me why ?

* *Linda Alhaya* (literally), a pretty jewel.

III.

Why do I gaze on them, and smile,
Then sit me down, and weep awhile?
Sadly, but fond, as they recalled
Something which held my heart enthralled:
Then slowly wend my weary way—
Linda Alhaya! canst thou say?

IV.

Linda Alhaya hears me not—
Linda Alhaya has forgot
That e'er her starry path I crossed,
Where every end but joy was lost.
And hast thou lost all thought of me,
Linda Alhaya? can it be?

V.

Not so have I of *thee*, sweet maid—
Deep in my heart my love is laid;
Scentless and withered each flower to me—
Leafless and scathed each towering tree:
Oh, Linda Alhaya, canst thou not guess?
Thou wert my rose of the wilderness!

VI.

Linda Alhaya! those flowerets blue
Match not thine eye's soft liquid hue,
But they the self-same language hold,
Waving above those waters cold ;
And as we parted on this spot,
They said, " Farewell, forget me not!"

VII.

Those flowers may bud, and bloom, and die,
Above the brook that wanders by ;
And while they live, their blossoms seem
Reflected in its silver stream ;
But when rude Time the buds shall sever,
Their images are fled for ever.

VIII.

Oh ! thus shall it never be with *me*,
While I have breath and memory ;
The stream of life may swell its tide—
Thy image still secure will bide !
My faithful heart in death shall tell,
Linda Alhaya, I loved thee well.

LE RANZ DES VACHES.

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour ?

Nos clairs ruisseaux,

Nos hameaux,

Nos côteaux,

Nos montagnes,

Et l'ornement de nos montagnes,

La si gentille Isabeau ?

Dans l'ombre d'un ormeau,

Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau ?

Quand reverrai-je en un jour

Tous les objets de mon amour ?

Mon père,

Ma mère,

Mon frère,

Ma sœur,

Mes agneaux,

Mes troupeaux,

Ma bergère ?

TRANSLATION.

WHEN will that day of sunshine dawn for me
When I the objects of my love shall see?

Our purling rills,

Our homes of ease,

Our towering hills,

Our leafy trees ;

And *her*, the pride of hill or dell,

My gentle blue-eyed Isabel?

Beneath the elm that shades the flowery plain,

When shall I dance to shepherd's reed again?

When will that day of sunshine dawn for me

When I the objects of my love shall see?

My father dear,

And gentle mother,

My sister fair,

And thee, my brother?

My playful lambs, that know my voice,

And at the well-known sound rejoice ;

My goats, that round me in wild gambols played,

And thee, my life, my bride, my village maid?

CHE DI VOS E DI ME DIRAN?

FROM THE SPANISH.

WHAT will they say of me, my love,
What will they say of you?
When they see thine eyes' bright loving glance,
And mine replying too?
Fear not, my love—they'll say of me,
That vainly earthly suns may rise,
When sunshine beams so radiantly
From the blue heaven of those eyes.
They'll say of thee, that thou wert sent
Here on this darkling earth to roam,
To win, by beauty's blandishment,
Weak mortals to thine angel home;
But what, love, will they say of you,
What will they say of me,
When in my evening bower they find
None save my harp and thee?

Fear not, my love, what tongues may dare—

Of me the world can only say,

That, while such twilight waits me *there*,

I need not wish for brighter day.

Of thee they'll say, the silver chords

With which thy fairy harp is strung,

Were breathed on by a spirit's words,

And keep the notes that spirit sung.

But oh! what will they say of you—

What *can* they say of me,

Should I at length become your bride,

As I have vowed to be?

Fear not, my love—they'll say that I

Can never more have wish or prayer;

That having *thee*, until I die

No thought is left that claims a care:

Of *thee* they'll say—to speed the tale

In vain was speech to mortals given;

For what may tongues and words avail!

When hearts and looks are all our heaven!

VERDAD! VERDAD!

FROM THE SPANISH.

LUIDA! I *never* thought, I own,
When some proved false that so would you;
That e'en *your* heart would turn to stone,
And throw me off—not true—not true.

'Twas all *your* fault—you kept away,
With fairer, newer loves to range;
And I wept all the summer's day,
To think a youth like you could change.

True—true—I fled the enchanting lyre,
The thrilling voice—the notes I knew,
Because another dared aspire
To win your heart—not true! not true!

With eyes averted all the while,
You stood in gloomy silence there;
The words which meant to win my smile,
Unheard were wandering on the air.

True—true—I own I turned away,
Because your eyes, on others bent,
Seemed fraught with many a lightning ray
To blast the hopes your smile had lent.

Not true! it is not true—my eyes
Were filled with tears for your neglect;
If *you* think they are sunny skies,
From others what can you expect?

True, true—you were a little moved,
Nor smiled on those who came to woo
But none like me have ever loved;
Forgive, and say 'tis true, 'tis true!

THE ONE YOU LOVED THE BEST.

Oh! love—love well, but only once! for never shall
the dream

Of youthful hope return again on life's dark rolling
stream ;

No love can match the early one which young affection
nursed—

Oh, no—the one you loved the best, is she you loved the
first.

Once lost—that gladsome vision past—a fairer form
may rise,

And eyes whose lustre mocks the light of starry
southern skies ;

But vainly seek you to enshrine the charmer in your
breast,

For still the one you loved the first, is she you loved
the best.

Again—'tis gone—'tis past away—those gentle tones
and looks

Have vanished like the feathery snow in summer's
running brooks;

With weary pinions wandering love forsakes the heart—
his nest,

And fain would rest again with her whom first you
loved, and best.

Perchance some faithful one is found, when love's
romance is o'er,

With her you safe through storms may glide, to reach
life's farthest shore;

But all too cold and real now you deem your home of
rest,

And you sigh for her you loved the first—for *her* you
loved the *best*.

To _____

OH ! could I come when fays have power,
 And Sleep o'er mortals holds her sway,
 There, in that silent moonlight hour,
 I'd steal thy fickle heart away ;
 I'd bear it far, where none might see,
 True constancy from mine to learn ;
 And still, while it remained with me,
 'Twould be a pledge for thy return.

But oh ! where shall I seek that heart
 Which thousands claim, but none may keep ?
 The gift which daylight sees depart,
 Is it resumed before thy sleep ?
 Shall I seek out each beauteous maid
 Who o'er thee held a transient sway ?
 In vain—where'er thy heart was laid,
 Her tears have washed the trace away.

Then must I sit within my bower,
Unwitting where the prize to find,
And smile as each successive hour
Sees changing still thy wavering mind ;
And still repeat the wish in vain,
That thou wouldst live for me alone—
Or that, to ease each maiden's pain,
Thy cruel power to please were gone.

WHILE I THINK OF YOU, LOVE !

WHEN the sun is shining brightly on a blithesome
summer's day,
While others dance and sing, I think on him who's far
away ;
Amid the gay I wander on, as sad as sad can be—
Oh ! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me* ?

When the evening shadows fall, love, and silence reigns
around,

And the weeping flowers shake the sparkling dew-drops
on the ground ;

When the pale moon shines so mournfully upon the land
and lea—

Oh ! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me* ?

And when the night is come, love, and the weary sun is
set,

While others sleep, my constant eyes with tears the
pillow wet ;

I rest in vain my aching head, where none my grief
may see—

Oh ! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me* ?

And when other suitors come, love, to tempt with smiles
and gold,

And tell me that thy heart for me is passionless and
cold,

I turn in scorn and grief away, and say it cannot be—

When I *always* think of *you*, love, sure you sometimes
think of *me* !

I WOULD THE WORLD WERE MINE.

OH ! I would the world were all mine own,
With its gay green fields, and its rosy bowers,
And its drooping trees, where I alone
Might gather the buds that first were blown,
And weave a thousand fairy bowers

For thee—for thee !

Oh ! I would the world were mine, with all
Its changeful skies which the soft stars beam in !
No scorching rays of the sun should fall,
But it should be to me, to all,
A moonlight world for Love to dream in

Of thee—of thee !

100 I WOULD THE WORLD WERE MINE.

Oh! I would the world were mine, for then
I'd still the waves of the boundless ocean,
And swiftly I'd fly from the haunts of men
In some fairy bark which returned again
The dark blue water's rippling motion,

With thee—with thee!

Oh! would that the world indeed could be
All, all my own—'twould then be thine!

Thy heart were world enough for me,
And to gain it I'd give the earth and sea—

Oh! worlds on worlds, if they were mine—

To *thee*—to thee!

TO A BLIND CHILD.

THOU wreck of human hopes ! whose darkened eyes
No more behold the blue and sunny skies,
Doomed in thy joyous childhood's early day
Blindly to grope along thy cheerless way ;
Ere yet the bitter tear of sorrow streaming
Had clouded those sweet orbs, or dimmed their beaming,
It was foretold that fate—and now, alas !
The awful prophecy hath come to pass.
Oh, thou unhappy ! in thy infant hours
How glad thy parents watched thy dawning powers ;
O'er thy young innocence enrapturèd hung,
Praised the soft murmuring accents of thy tongue,
And guessed thy meaning, not from *words* alone,
But from the speaking orbs that brightly shone—
That glorious feature of the human face,
That silent language nothing can replace.
They watched, as slowly stealing, ray by ray,
That gentle light was fading fast away ;

And wept, in sad and hopeless agony,
O'er the dimmed glance of the half-conscious eye.
At length it ceased, and darkness then dwelt there,
Unbroken—cheerless—deep as their despair !
Mournful, expressionless, they turn to those
Who watched with rapture once their lids unclosed ;
And from those darkened orbs is slowly stealing
The only trace *now* left of earthly feeling,
A tear—a silent tear, condemned to flow
For vanished joys, or years of future woe.
Oh ! far more moving is that look to *me*
Than all the supplicating agony—
The pearly drops that fall from Beauty's eyes,
Her bursting sobs, her low and melting sighs.
Mourners there be of whom we soothe the pain,
And, where we pity, pity not in vain ;
But here there is a look which seems to say,
Thou canst do nought for me—we turn away,
Sick at the heart. O thou lamented one !
Perchance long years are thine to spend alone !
No gladsome child shall frolic by thy side,
Thy feeble age some stranger hand shall guide ;
Or faithful dog, with dumb, imploring glance,
Collect the half-reluctant alms :—perchance,

Wandering and weary thou shalt lay thy head
In the poor shelter of some ruined shed ;
Or rest thy worn-out form beneath a tree,
While darken o'er thee skies thou canst not see—
While dreadful night the trembling world enshrouds,
And the hoarse thunder struggles through the clouds,
Then, while the bitter blast is howling round,
Defenceless *thou* shalt stretch thee on the ground ;
And cowering by his helpless master's side,
Like thee forsaken, and all help denied,
The sole companion of thy cheerless track
Shake the cold raindrops from his shivering back,
And shrinking, shuddering, of the storm afraid,
Seek aid from thee—*thou* canst not give him aid.
In such an hour, perchance, thou'lt breathe thy last,
Thy dirge in the moaning of the wintry blast !
Shield, shield his houseless head, all-pitying Heaven !
When far in eddyng rounds the snow is driven !
Whom *man* neglects, stretch *thou* thy hand to save,
Protect the transient life thy mercy gave ;
Let him not die, nor leave *one* friend behind
To echo those sad words—" Pity the poor old blind !"

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! in tearless agony I part!
Beloved, the pang can cost thee little now;
The thought of triumph dwells within thy heart,
The smile of triumph plays around thy brow.

But oh! when that is gone, when Time hath dimmed,
(If Time *must* dim) the glories of thine eye;
When the full cup of joy, which now is brimmed,
Drained by thine eager spirit, shall be dry;

When snows have mingled in the locks of youth,
And passion's power no more thy heart can warm;
When the cold world shines forth in sorrow's truth,
And life itself is but a broken charm;

When the bright sun which gilds thy day is set,
A star's faint lustre may resume its reign;
I am contented that thou shouldst forget—
All love thee *now*, but I will love thee *then*.

STANZAS.

Yes, I am gay and smiling now,
But little dost thou know
How oft a light and careless brow
Is darkened o'er by woe.

The giddy word, the laughing eye,
Which would the truth disown,
Are changed for many a bitter sigh,
When the world hath left me lone.

The green and flowery blooming sod,
Where the sun is smiling still,
Touched by a peasant's hazel rod,
Reveals the secret rill.

A child may chance that spring to wake
Which hath been sealed for years ;
And random words the heart will break
That hides a fount of tears.

TO THE NURSERY.

THOU scene of infant joys and transient woe !
Once more I tread thee, where I stood, a boy ;
And, spite of years gone by, I feel a glow
Which for a moment grief cannot destroy.

Once more upon my heart, and in my ear,
The joyous, laughing, silvery voices come ;
The young, the thoughtless, to each other dear,
And all the blest realities of home.

But soon, alas ! the gladsome visions fly,
I feel, I feel, that now I stand alone ;
And, bursting from my heart, a deep-drawn sigh
Invokes the silence for an answering tone.

Deserted spot ! those sad and dreary walls
But echo now the slow and sorrowing tread
Of some young mournful one, whose footsteps falls
Pausingly, as he muses on the dead.

Cold whistling o'er the black and cheerless grate,
The moaning wind alone is heard aloud,
Making the silence yet more desolate,
Where once gay voices raised a cheerful sound.

No busy finger now with figures quaint
Adorns the falling paper of the room ;
No youthful artist's brightly-coloured paint
Relieves the dark and shadowy walls from gloom.

No—they are gone ! each on his separate road !
Their days of happy infancy are o'er ;
And *one* hath sought the long and last abode
Where sorrow harms and sin can blight no more.

Yes—they are gone ! the beautiful—the young—
To roam the stranger land or stormy wave ;
The happiest now of that once blissful throng,
He who is sleeping in the quiet grave !

And the remainder—they may meet again—
Again may hearts and hands in love be twined—
But never more so free from guilt and pain
As when they parted, leaving *home* behind.

Such is man's fate—so, for a little hour,
Together the young flowers may bud and blow—
Till Time's rude hand, and Death's remorseless power,
Scatter the shrubs and lay the blossoms low!

Then wherefore mourn, when days and months are fled?
Why wish a life of bitterness to last?
Since every year that flits above our head
But adds a link of sorrow to the past!

ON T. B. S.

He hath fallen asleep—that beautiful boy!
And the young and the gay of other days
Have welcomed his spirit, with songs of joy,
To their far home, lighted with starry rays!

He hath fallen asleep! We shall hear no more
That cheerful voice, with its musical tone!
The laugh, and the song, and the jest are o'er,
And he lies in a stranger land, *alone*!

He hath fallen asleep!—those dark fringed lids
Have closed o'er the glorious light of his eye!—
It shall sparkle no more, till the trumpet bids
The dead to arouse them, where they lie!

He hath fallen asleep!—that noble form
Lies motionless now, in its cold dark bed—
That young gay heart is food for the worm,
And his rest is the dreamless sleep of the dead!

He hath fallen asleep!—and between us is flowing
The watery world of the boundless deep;
And the flowers of a foreign land are growing
O'er the grave of him who hath fallen asleep!

ON T. B. S.

Blow, ye loud winds! roll on, thou restless main!
For he we loved will *never* sail again!
Once, as the vessel left the fading shore,
We listened to the billows' reckless roar,

And shrank in terror as we raised our eyes,
And prayed for calmer seas and brighter skies,
And gentler winds, to waft the young, the gay,
Far from his native land, on stormy seas away!—
But now, no more we raise that useless prayer,
Vain are the prosperous gales and favouring air—
What reck we *now* that calm is every wave?
The sunbeams fall upon his distant grave!
What reck we that, calm rippling to the shore,
They murmur round *his* bed, their sound shall wake no
more!—
Blow, ye wild winds! roll on thou restless main!
For he we loved shall *never* sail again!

Roll, ye tossed vessels! on the stormy sea,
No bark brings back the young, the gay, the free!
No more we watch each snowy sunlit sail
That swells impatient in the homeward gale;
No more we strain our orbs to that dark speck
We fancied was the vessel, on whose deck
The wanderer doomed, alas! again to roam,
Stood gazing on that land, his ocean-circled home.
His *home*! oh, say is that in English land?
Then wherefore lingers he on foreign strand?

His home! oh! far away on distant shore
He lies, nor dreams of home or country more!
No more those bright eyes sparkle at the sound—
“Haste! for the bark is now for Britain bound.”
That warm light heart which bounded at each meeting,
God gave the word, and it hath ceased its beating—
Sail, ye tossed vessels! on the stormy sea,
Bark after bark returns—in vain! for *where* is *he*?

THE HEART'S WRECK.

THE lulling winds may still the sea,
All beautiful in its repose;
And with a soft tranquillity
The rippling water ebbs and flows.

But when the tempests wildly blow,
Its bosom heaves with many a wreck
Which, till that moment, slept below,
Nor dimmed its surface with a speck.

So *I* can talk, and laugh, and seem
All that the happiest souls could be ;
Lulled for a moment, by some dream,
Soft as the sunset on the sea.

But when a word, a tone, reminds
My bosom of its perished love,
Oh! fearful are the stormy winds
Which dash the *heart's* wild wrecks above!

One after one they rise again,
And o'er dark memory's ocean steal,
Floating along, through years of pain—
Such as the heart-struck only feel!

THE BIRTH-DAY.

THIS is thy birth-day ! when we should be gay ;

Shall we go out before the glowing noon,

And weave the lingering flowers of parting May

With the first rosebuds of voluptuous June ?

Shall we congratulate the laughing earth

That once again the perfumed spring is come—

Her joyous child, who heralded thy birth,

And made one long glad summer of thy home ?

This is thy birth-day ! thine, who wert so loved !

Who *wert*—my Gilderoy ! what art thou now ?

Have the slight cares and sorrows thou hast proved

Hollowed thy cheek, or darkened o'er thy brow ?

Fond hearts are beating in thy quiet home :

Awake, thou sleeper ! 'tis a day of joy,

Where all is gladness, surely thou wilt come—

Why art thou silent still, my Gilderoy ?

This is thy birth-day ! thine, who wert so young,
So full of life, so graceful, and so gay ;

Why is the bitter tear of anguish wrung

From eyes which were not wont to weep to-day ?

Smile on us now, as in the days of yore,

When friends stood round to hail another year—

Alas ! the lip we loved shall smile no more !

This is thy birth-day—but *thou art not here !*

THE DARKNESS OF THE GRAVE.

THE darkness of the grave hath bound him,

A shroud, for cloak, is cast around him—

Night and day o'er his tomb I weep,

But he hears me not, for he lies asleep !

“ Come back to love and life, my love !

Come back and chase my woe,

For the sun is shining bright above,

And the flowers are fair below.”

To the lone and cheerless tomb they bore him,
And the chill cold earth they scattered o'er him ;
That heavy mould, as it heaped his bed,
Fell on my heart like a weight of lead ;
And I sung, " Come back to life, my love !
Come back and chase my woe,
For the sun is shining bright above,
And the flowers are fair below !"

Light cannot pierce the earth above him,
The gentle light of eyes that love him—
The sun cannot warm with its rays of gold,
He hath come to his end like a tale that is told ;
" Come back ! in vain—those darkened eyes
This world no more shall see—
No more for thee shall beam yon skies,
Nor flowers be culled for thee !"

MARRIAGE AND LOVE.

“ THE poorest peasant of the meanest soil,
 The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
 Early, from radiant love’s impartial light,
 Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night :
 Dear spark ! which oft, through winter’s chilling woes,
 Is all the warmth his little cottage knows ! ”

SHERIDAN.

LAURA was lightsome, gay, and free from guile ;
 Bright were her eyes, and beautiful her smile :
 Women found fault, but men were heard to swear
 That she *was* lovely, though she was not *fair*.
 Her parents were not rich, nor very poor ;
 She had enough, nor breathed a wish for more ;
 Blithe were the mornings, gay the evenings spent,
 And youthful eyes smiled back a calm content.
 Yes, she was happy, and she was at rest,
 Till the world filled with cares her little breast,
 Taught her to fear all dowagers and mothers,
 Smile on gay lords, and cut their younger brothers.

This last rule cost her now and then a sigh—
'Tis wrong to say so—but I know not why
Men, when they're handsome, are not liked the less,
And may be pleasant, though they're penniless—
But Laura's mother never would agree
That needy men could pleasant partners be ;
To gain *her* favour, vain was all exertion,
A younger brother was her great aversion.
The mother hoped and prayed—her prayer was granted,
A lordling came—the very thing she wanted—
“ Oh! what a match, my dear ! ”—and Laura sighed
And hung her head, and timidly replied,
“ She did not love.”—“ What put it in your head
That it was needful ?—you are asked to *wed*—
Romantic love is all a childish folly,
So marry, dear ! and don't look melancholy ;
Besides, you cannot always live at home—
Another year your sister's turn will come—
And you will be *so* rich !—where *shall* we go ?
Let us begin to think of your *trousseau* ! ”
And Laura laughed, and looked up at her mother :
She loved not *him*—but then, she loved no other !
Days passed away—she spent the last few hours
In pinning on lace veils and orange flowers ;

With beating heart the maid to church was carried,
And Laura blushed, and trembled, and—was married.
Quickly the happy couple speed away,
And friends' congratulations end the day.
“Sweet girl! how well she look'd! dress'd with such care!
How the rich veil became her face and hair!
A lovely woman, certainly,”—and Laura
Left friends behind, with all the world before her!
Dwelt for awhile (remembrance sad and strong!)
In Laura's mind her little brother's song—
The quick light step—the blue and sparkling eye,
The bright perfection of his infancy—
Her sister's gentle smile—all these arise,
Whilst damped her wedding veil her weeping eyes;
But soon consoled, again the maid grew gay,
Swift in amusement flew each busy day;
The country seat was exquisite; she found
New beauties every time she looked around;
The lawn so green, so smooth, so sunny too,
The flowers so bright, the heavens of *such* a blue!—
“Oh! this *was* happiness!”—It *might* have been,
Had there been no reverse of this fair scene.
But Laura's lord was not what lords should be;—
Cold, harsh, unfeeling, proud, alas! was he—

And yet a *very* fool—had he been stern,
 She would have tried the tyrant's will to learn—
 Had he been passionate, she still had loved—
 Or jealous, time her virtue would have proved ;
 But, as he was, without a soul or mind
 Too savage e'en to be in seeming kind—
 The slave of petty feelings, every hour
 He changed his will to show he *had* the power ;
 And Laura wept, that she had linked her fate
 With one too cold to love, too mean to hate.
 A mother's hopes were left her, and she said,
 " My child, at least, will love me ! " days, months, }
 sped— }
 She watched the grave, and wept the early dead !
 The scene was changed : nought pleases Laura now,
 Nor sunny sky, nor richly sweeping bough ;
 At the long window, opening to the ground,
 She sits, while evening spreads its shadows round ;
 Or through the glowing noon, for weary hours,
 Watches the bees that flutter o'er the flowers ;
 Or when the moon is up, and stars are out,
 She leaves her lonely room to roam about ;
 And while the night breeze murmurs o'er her head,
 Upbraids the living, or bewails the dead !

Both are alike insensible—her mate,
Weary of home, hath left her to her fate ;
Nor recks he *now* that Laura weeps or sighs,
So he enjoy what Heaven to *her* denies.
But there was *one* who thought eyes blue and deep,
Like Laura's, were too beautiful to weep ;
Perchance he told her so—perchance she guessed
He deemed her lovelier than his words expressed—
A cousin he of Laura's moody lord,
But how unlike him !—every gentle word
And gentler tone—the song, the walk, the book,
The graceful step, the bright expressive look,
Awoke in her a deep and sad regret
Of what he *might* have been—ah ! might be yet !
And yet she struggled with her yielding heart—
"Twas sin to meet—but oh ! 'twas grief to part !
He never *said* he loved her—could she cry,
" Francis ! you love me ; Francis ! you must fly ?"
Perchance he loved her not—Alas ! too well
Each knew the passion neither dared to tell.
Mute would they stand, upon some summer eve,
With melancholy rapture, prone to grieve ;
Then, trembling, gaze upon each other's eyes,
The heaven of each, more worshipped than the skies.

Her lord returned—he saw her flushing cheek,
 Her vain attempt to smile, or freely speak ;
 “ Thou hast been false ! I’ll know the truth,”
 He cried in fury—“ Who’s the favoured youth ?
 Wretch ! I will tear the minion limb from limb !”
 But Laura’s heart was full, her eye was dim :
 She answered not, with faint, slow step withdrew,
 Of Francis thought—and then to Francis flew.
 “ Thou knowest—God knows !”—no more the maiden
 .said,

But on his shoulder dropped her sobbing head ;
 And Francis, as his arm was cast around her
 (The first wild moment that fond arm e’er bound her),
 Murmured,—“ My love ! my life ! what, if we flee ?
 The world !—the world !—what is that world to me ?
 Thou art *my* world—I, thine—” and her reply
 Was but a stifled sound—half sob, half sigh.—

* * * * *

Oh ; it is wretched, when the loss of fame
 Hath left us but the shadow of a name—
 When all forget us, all refuse to own,
 And life is journeyed on alone—*alone* !
 ’Tis bitter then to see the flame of love,
 The only link for which we still would prove

Life's withering joys, expiring spark by spark,
Till *all* extinct, and we left lone and dark !
Thus Francis' love consumed itself away,
While mournful Laura drooped from day to day—
Her graceful Francis, all his passion o'er,
Grieved she had fallen to rise again no more—
Grieved that harsh scorn should hail her blighted name,
Grieved that she felt and saw *he* felt her shame.
At length he shunned her, and poor Laura sighed,
Murmured repentant prayers to heaven—and died.
And then no more her Francis blamed the wife
Who left her mate to lead a guilty life ;
No more he feels, what fond proud hearts *must* feel,
Who blush for those whose wounds they cannot heal,
But turned with fond regret, and useless call,
To her who with him had abandoned all !



And Francis, loved again, is happy now ;
For he hath chosen him a gentle bride
With gay light heart, and pure and placid brow,
Unused to grief, and impotent to chide.

But hapless Laura, where is *she* the while?

The light gay form is mouldering in the grave;

The full and rosy lip hath ceased to smile,

And all is gone which bounteous Nature gave:

Pulseless the heart, and spiritless the eye,

Whence flashed a soul for better feelings framed;

The eloquent tongue with dust is choked and dry;

She sinned—she wept—and is no more ashamed.

FAREWELL.

“FAREWELL, my best beloved—farewell!”

Such were the sounds that came

(Uttered with smiles), the last which fell

From lips that loved thy name;

And Heaven bless thee, wheresoe’er

Those joyous footsteps roam,

And guide, without a sigh or tear,

My wanderer back to home!

Farewell, my best beloved! 'tis past,

Yet little did I deem

That gay adieu should be the last

Recalled in memory's dream.

I could have wished—the wish is vain—

More sad had been the hour,

Which beams through every thought of pain

With agonizing power.

For still through tears that dim my view,

Through sobs that choke my breath,

That vision, with its bright adieu,

Forbids the thought of death!

Farewell, I did not see thee die,

I did not hear thy knell;

Does sorrow, therefore, lighter fly?

My best beloved—farewell!

THY WILL BE DONE!

THY will be done! how hard a thing to say
When sickness ushers in death's dreary knell;
When eyes, that lately sparkled bright and gay,
Wander around with dimly conscious ray,
To some familiar face, to bid farewell!

Thy will be done!—the faltering lips deny
A passage to the tones as yet unheard;
The sob convulsed, the raised and swimming eye,
Seem as appealing to their God on high
For power to breathe the yet imperfect word.

Orphan! who watches by the silent tomb
Where those who gave thee life all coldly sleep;
Or thou, who sittest in thy desolate home,
Calling to those beloved who cannot come,
And, thinking o'er thy loneliness, dost weep!

Widow! who musest over by-gone years
Of life, and love, and happiness with him
Who shared thy joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Who now are left to shed unnoticed tears,
Till thy fair cheek is wan, and eyes grow dim!

Husband! who dreamest of thy gentle wife;
And still in fancy see'st her rosy smile:
Brightening a world of bitterness and strife;
Who from the lonely future of thy life
Turnest, in dreariness, to weep the while!

Mother! whose prayers could not avail to save
Him whom thou lovedst most, thy blue-eyed boy!
Who with a bitter agony dost rave
To the wild winds that fan his early grave,
And dashedst from thy lips the cup of joy!

And thou! not widowed, yet bereaved one,
Who, buried in thy tearless, mute despair;
Roamest a desert world alone—*alone*.
To seek *him* out who from thine eyes is gone,
Scarce able to believe he is not there!

Mourners ! who linger in a world of woe,
Each bowing 'neath his separate load of grief,
Turn from the silent tomb ; and, kneeling low
Before that throne at which the angels bow
Invoke a God of mercy for relief !

Pray that ye too may journey, when ye die,
To that far world where blessed souls are gone ;
And, through the gathering sob of agony,
Raise, with a voice resigned, the humble cry,
“ Father—Creator—Lord ! thy will be done ! ”

TO A CHILD.

Dost thou wonder at my weeping
Beneath such sunny skies,
While sympathy is creeping
To *thy* bright and joyous eyes ?

Thou art young, my child, nor knowest
The bitterness of woe ;
But e'er from earth thou goest,
Thy tears shall amply flow.

Those bright and wistful glances
Are raised to me in vain ;
It but my grief enhances,
That for *me* thou feelest pain !

Thou art glad when birds are singing
Their songs of joy and love ;
Thou art glad when church bells, ringing,
Bid thee worship Him above ;

Thou art joyous when thou feelest
The first fresh breath of day,
And at evening when thou kneelest
By thy mother's side to pray.

When on tiptoe-step, behind thee
Thy young companions creep,
Thou laughest as they bind thee,
And startest from mimic sleep.

And in thy *lonelier* hours,
When thy youthful mates are gone,
Thou art happy 'midst the flowers,
Smiling with them at the sun !

But sad to me the singing
Of the birds whose notes you praise ;
And to me the church bells, ringing,
Sound the knell of happier days.

The friends I *had* have perished,
Or coldly turn away !
The lingering hope I cherished
Is now a *darkened* ray !

What I most loved is sleeping
All silently and cold ;
And the dews and I are weeping
Upon the unconscious mould.

And *thou*, my child, who'rt coming,
With thy sunny smiling eye,
To watch me, mournful roaming,
And weep thou knowest not why !

Thy gentle love, thy duty,
The promise of thy years,
Thine innocence, thy beauty,
Are all a cause for tears.

For Time will dim the beaming
Of that smile so soft and bright ;
And the tear of sorrow, streaming,
Will quench thine eyes' sweet light !

Oh ! when hopes are all departed
That smiled around thy way,
And, lone and broken hearted,
Thou sighest for to-day ;

Should some kindly hand be near thee,
And seek thy woes to heal,
Then the vain attempt to cheer thee
Shall teach thee what I feel !

SAY NOT 'TIS DARK.

SAY not 'tis dark!—the night

Is never dark to me ;

Around my couch they come in light—

Visions I would not see.

Forms I have loved,—as bright

As in life's joyous years ;

Say not 'tis dark!—the murkiest night

Hath light enough for tears !

MUSIC'S POWER.

HAVE you never heard, in music's sound,
Some chords which o'er your heart
First fling a moment's magic round,
Then silently depart?
But with the echo on the air,
Roused by that simple lay,
It leaves a world of feeling there
We cannot chase away.
Yes, yes,—a sound hath power to bid them come—
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered
home.

When sitting in your silent home,
You gaze around and weep,
Or call to those who cannot come,
Nor wake from dreamless sleep ;
Those chords, as oft as you bemoan
“ The distant and the dead,”
Bring dimly back the fancied tone
Of some sweet voice that's fled !
Yes, yes,—a sound hath power to bid them come—
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered
home.

And when, amid the festal throng,
You are, or would be gay—
And seek to wile, with dance and song,
Your sadder thoughts away ;
They strike those chords and smiles depart,
As, rushing o'er your soul,
The untold feelings of the heart
Awake, and spurn controul !
Yes, yes,—a sound hath power to bid them come—
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remembered
home.

I DO NOT LOVE THEE

BUT THOU!

DELIA! some few short years ago
Yon fountain heard thee breathe a vow—
Still sparkling in the sunny glow,
With murmuring sound and constant flow,
That fount plays on—but *thou!*

Delia! a ringlet bright and rare,
Which wantoned o'er thy snowy brow,
In hours of bliss was given there;
Time has not changed a single hair,
'Tis still the same—but *thou!*

Delia! the heart that fondly loved,
Loves thee despite thy folly now;
Though thou hast seen its pangs unmoved,
In sadness tried—in sorrow proved—
'Tis faithful yet—but *THOU!*

I DO NOT LOVE THEE!

ADDRESSED TO _____.

I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!—yet, I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me—
And often in my solitude I sigh—
That those I *do* love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee !—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue—
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee !—yet, alas !
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart ;
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

THE END.

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